

# The Star

AN OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY, CANADA.

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## A Living Sepulchre.

A Sketch of London, Eng., (the Modern Babylon).

BY R. N. COOL.

Let the cry be heard—How long,  
Lord, how long shall evil reign?  
When shall sin be swept away,  
And the earth be clean again?  
Lord, how long shall error spread,  
Truth be trodden in the dust,  
Heard how from tongue and pen,  
Heard of the good and just?  
This the burden of our cry—  
“When shall end the age of wrong,  
Error, pain, misdeed, and sin? (long?)”  
Righteous King and Lord, how

Will the memory of that  
dreadful night ever pass from  
my heart away? I think not. Its  
sins were too vivid in their  
terrible reality. God has allowed  
me in the past to see and hear  
much pertaining to the sin and  
suffering of our benighted city,  
but, never have my eyes beheld  
or my eyes listened to such sights  
and sounds as on that night.

Five hours breathing what one  
might best term “devil’s air.”  
Even the natural atmosphere  
seemed fairly tainted with the  
foul breath of hell.

“This is hell enough,” dropped  
from our lips more than once  
during the night, “if there were  
no other, this suffices.”

“The city slumbers!”—doos  
it? Let us see.

Follow me to the doors of one  
of the largest and vilest of  
theatres; see its dazzling lights  
throwing a lurid glare over a  
space of several hundred yards.  
Come closer—watch the flashing  
cabs draw up, hear the voices of  
those alighting; note (in the  
women), the sickly look of the  
morning hidden by the thick paint  
of the evening; mark the dress;  
coolly, unnatural, gay; observe  
the taunting step; look to the  
bold, coarse, ringing laugh; see  
the “lady” and “gentleman”  
as they sweep into this rendez-  
vous of devils—this veritable  
sink of iniquity.

Follow on! Hear the boister-  
ous official in his sparkling livery  
and glittering gold, remark upon  
the “crowded house.” Trace the  
pair up the broad illuminated stair-  
case, smell the fetid air that  
comes rushing through thumped  
swinging doors; gaze for a  
moment upon the row upon row,  
the upon upon tier of lost, immortal  
souls. Weep if you can. Gaze  
toward the platform, see the  
immortal, elusional performance;  
hear the universal unblushing  
applaud, and note the selfish  
aggregation of all. Draw back  
with me in sickening horror, and  
leave realising that the “crowded  
house” is of nightly occurrence,  
and continue so till nigh the hour  
of twelve.

Come away, we are on recon-  
noitres. It is not a time to be weary,  
though one feels all too heart-sick,  
and exclaims, “It is enough, spare me.”  
Come away to another of these “palaces  
of varieties.” Push your way to the

gilded interior (not as a Salvationist but  
to disguise some of the eager pleasure-  
seekers, hear their talk, and see if it does  
not savour of unquaintance, such as may not

are the gray-headed, the fathers of families,  
the husbands of wives—travellers of long  
distances on life’s rough way; aye, even  
grave! They, too, cast their sinister

“Abandoned!” did I say? By whom?  
By God? Ten thousand no! Rather  
by His people, who should long since have  
condemned unrepentant to represent their  
God in those dens are His judgments fall  
on both sinful and negligent.

Here, however, we must stay  
to the close, when almost sudden-  
ly the brilliant electric and colored  
lights are lowered (almost ex-  
tinguished), and the infuriated  
rabble passes noisily out into  
“the streets,” restaurants, or  
brothels. See how they sweep  
upon that drinking den opposite,  
and listen one moment to the  
oaths and curses that break in  
upon the midnight stillness!

Vengeance is Thine, O Lord,  
but stay Thy hand a little longer,”  
is the prayer that almost involun-  
tarily bursts from our hearts.

“Why?” we questioned, “do  
they seek to add to their cup of  
iniquity, already running over, by  
taking His name in vain?”

Don’t weary, reader but come  
a little further—on to the streets,  
now, watch again the motley,  
half-drunken multitude as they  
rush to and fro, allow yourself  
for one moment to be carried in  
the stream, and mark what you  
see!—

That’s a scream of pain. Yes!  
there’s a bigger crowd than a  
ordinary, constables in it too.  
Those are rough words spoken to  
that fair young creature, as in a  
passionate frenzy she thunders  
imprecations on the head of the  
“gentleman,” who she declares  
has just relieved her of \$20.

What is that beautiful woman  
yonder holding in her daintily-  
gloved hand? A bottle of new  
brandy—unstoppered—which  
very liquor she is pressing down  
her already inflamed throat, and  
is no longer a woman, but a  
devil.

Enough! Come with me to  
another scene, which must be the  
last.

It’s a different one—far differ-  
ent—causing other tears to start  
to our eyes, and other pains to  
creep into our already weary  
hearts—calling forth rather the  
compassion of God, where indigna-  
tion would better build the  
furnace.

THANKS REMARKED AT NIGHT.

Have you ever seen it?  
The night air is chill and  
damp, while the breeze comes up  
from the river with piping  
kennels, but the pale, cold  
moon is bright, and good for our  
purpose.

One—two—three—four—five  
six—seven—eight—nine—ten—  
there they are—these  
under one arch only.  
Others are lying on the cold  
benches, under eaves, on the  
seats, in corners—anywhere—  
sitting, standing, crouching, in  
rage and hunger—homeless and  
hopeless. Look at their faces;  
see despair depicted. Shake them  
from their restless slumber; drag forth a bil-  
lows; and then choose one in Jesus  
who can save to the very uttermost.  
(From the English “War Cry.”)



## LOST AND SAVED!

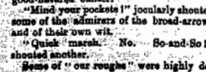
The poor girl in the above Picture, was an outcast, nobody cared  
for her soul, until an old sailor who had proved the power of God's love  
to change a vile heart—came by where she stood. She was contemplating  
whether or not to throw herself over the bridge into the river and put  
an end to her existence, but the kindly sailor told her of One who had  
said: “Go in Peace and sin no more.” Possessing a very practical  
Salvation, the man took her to an Army Rescue Home, and she is now  
a valiant soldier for Jesus, with a changed heart and a changed life.  
Hallelujah! Fallen sister, Jesus can meet your case, and save you.

he weitten or spoken.

Are the young only there? the giddy,  
the frivolous, the sons and daughters of  
loving, praying, weeping parents?  
No! there, but not only these—there

glances and speak their impure words into  
younger ears and more ignorant hearts.  
Hundreds? Nay, thousands! Given over  
to the sin of their own evil passions—  
abandoned to the devil—in training for hell.

see despair depicted. Shake them  
from their restless slumber; drag forth a bil-  
lows; and then choose one in Jesus  
who can save to the very uttermost.  
(From the English “War Cry.”)



They were met with many cheers, and just a few hisses, an enthusiastic citizen shouting, "You have got a victory! God bless you!" Inside the Hall

at the penitentiary, the persecuted Salvationists would be the first to put their arms around their necks and do for them the best thing that one man could do for another—help them into the liberty and joy of the Kingdom of God!

who are faithful to Him, faithful followers beyond that which they are able to bear, and who, moreover, will invariably receive for every bit of persecution and unpopularity an increased measure of blessing and salvation.

930 officers, to say nothing of the talented soldiers, the Cay ought never to be crying for good, readable, pithy matter. All long-winded communications are located in

home of Jesus? Are you still loyal to the S. A.? Keep thine eye single and thy whole body shall be full of light.

OBSERVER.

belang toe the Maister, an' I think I  
as a perfect right toe look after my  
Maister's intirests, an', God helping me, I  
mean to do it.

happy, I heard him say he was as happy  
a claim the other night. I will write  
again if I feel led. Yours to live and die  
the S. A. **RANK**

THE GREAT Camp Meetings MOOREFIELD.

Reported by Capt. Fisher, H.Q.S.

Arriving at Gaelish station, I could have attained of musical music. A bystander said, "It is there certainly, and it is good."

Sunday morning, the camp was still quite quiet, in fact, the land boys were in camp, but they were not in camp.

Early in the evening, the people began to flock into the Gaelish station, and the rain still continued to fall, the place was well filled with a very intelligent looking lot of people.

The meetings on Monday were known as Gaelish Officers' Council, Holiness and Salvation Army, and these were our Gaelish boys, as on Sunday, both the Gaelish boys and men were responsible for fresh high received.

Tuesday the meetings were similar to those of Monday, though the Gaelish boys had gone home, everybody seemed sorry to lose them, for they were a very good lot.

It had been advertised that at night there would be an "O'Connell" religious meeting, led by an old-time evangelist.

There were two counsels held by Adj. Cousins, of the Palmerston Division, assisted by D. O. Daugh, Staff-Capt. McHardy (who, by the way, is a very good singer).

In the evening there was a general camp meeting, and the Gaelish boys were present, and the Gaelish boys were present.

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During which one of our Gaelish boys, and found him very good.

"And thus closed a most profitable and successful meeting, and we do not need to say more about it, as it is well known to all."

"We say that in the evening, the Gaelish boys were present, and the Gaelish boys were present."

It was my delight to lead the Gaelish boys, and the Gaelish boys were present, and the Gaelish boys were present.

It will be a most interesting number, containing an account of the Gaelish boys, and the Gaelish boys were present, and the Gaelish boys were present.

Col. Bailey had wonderful times in British Columbia. A personal of his notes in the Gaelish boys were present, and the Gaelish boys were present.

Look on page 5 and read Mr. Coombe's appeal. Surely you dare not read it without showing some practical sympathy in the Gaelish boys were present, and the Gaelish boys were present.

THEY STILL COME. In Our Grand Old City.

It was my delight to lead the Gaelish boys, and the Gaelish boys were present, and the Gaelish boys were present.

"This is my story. This is my song. Praising my Savior All the day long."

Say, do you know this and the name of it? It is a most interesting number, containing an account of the Gaelish boys, and the Gaelish boys were present, and the Gaelish boys were present.

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The Very latest FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

A rail journey of three days and three nights for a Salvationist who wants to be at the war some very long time. Such was the journey from Winnipeg to Vancouver.

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TAKE SPECIAL NOTICE! A Plea for the Rescue Work.

This loving work lies very near to the heart of every woman, especially those to whom God has given souls that sleep and yearn over their fallen sister-hood, and the very name of "Rescue Work" is a name which every heart is blessed to do something to help it along.

The great success which has attended the labours of our devoted officers in the City of Toronto alone makes us bold to put this plea before our many friends throughout the Dominion.

Mrs. Coombe, who has been at the head of this special branch of our work for over five years, wishes it to be known that she is in urgent need of at least THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS, a sum needed to meet the various payments and outstanding debts connected with the expenses of this work.

She is very anxious to leave this matter square and straight before her departure from Canada, and from the work which she has so much loved to do, and to do so, she appeals to every officer, soldier and friend to do something in this matter of wiping off this existing debt.

We are confident that there would be no more practical way of showing your love to Mrs. Coombe and the Rescue Work than by sending along a real good farewell donation to help her out of this difficulty, and thus leave matters square for those who shall in the future have the management of this work.

Again, our many soldiers who live in the country could do wonders on this line by sending potatoes, fruit and other kinds of vegetables, which would be a great help for the work and serve to lighten the burdens of those who have to do this difficult, and thus leave matters square for those who shall in the future have the management of this work.

All donations sent to Mrs. COOMBE, Rescue Home, corner Wilton Ave. and Victoria Street, Toronto.

afterwards was found to have the small box and the article mentioned above, and the article mentioned above, and the article mentioned above.

We had a good meeting, more than 100, and the article mentioned above, and the article mentioned above, and the article mentioned above.

Winnipeg Frank and his comrades, Johnnie Cameron, of the 1st Battalion, and the article mentioned above, and the article mentioned above, and the article mentioned above.

In the Toronto Division there is another well known Capt. Andrews of Bowmanville, and the article mentioned above, and the article mentioned above, and the article mentioned above.

There happened to be on board a party of

about 250 delegates to the Sunday School Convention in London, and they were there to see the right kind of people, for they formed a march round the boat one day on the river, and the article mentioned above, and the article mentioned above, and the article mentioned above.

One of the boys at knee-dirt this other morning, in talking about joy in the hands of the soldier, and the article mentioned above, and the article mentioned above, and the article mentioned above.

They had the time on the Toronto Saturday and Sunday, with Major Macgregor in command, and the article mentioned above, and the article mentioned above, and the article mentioned above.

Three of the boys attended the Cadet with the meeting in the Temple Mount, and the article mentioned above, and the article mentioned above, and the article mentioned above.

They say the S. A. is very peculiar. Well, you can't expect it to be so, and the article mentioned above, and the article mentioned above, and the article mentioned above.

There's some change again this week. This time it is the H. and the article mentioned above, and the article mentioned above, and the article mentioned above.

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## A Very Serious Matter.

TO EVERY OFFICER, SOLDIER AND YOUNG MAN.

During the past few months, we have been putting forth every effort to make the "Little Soldier" readable and interesting for the children, but it is astonishing how very few write for it, or do anything to make the paper a success. There is no reason why the eight pages of this paper should not be filled with pure, Canadian matter, and it will be so at once as ever. Our comrades see the value of saving the thousands of boys and girls who need a Jesus and a Savior just as much as the drunkard and the big sinner. It is rather unpleasant to have to "zone" "you" in this manner, but surely the zone demands help from you. Shall the dear children die for the want of spiritual food? Now, will you take this hint and for the sake of Jesus and the little souls you put pen and write for the "Little Soldier." Start children's meetings, get them interested, and get them saved, for if you don't their blood will be required at your hands. God bless you.



Composed Expressly for the WAR CRY

Now we are waiting a number of children to write for the "Little Soldier" and we are sure that you will be glad to help us.

## 1. Come Just Now.

BY CAPT. ANDREW B. FRY, GREENWOOD, ILL.

Look to Jesus, War Cry one.

COME to Jesus, drink, soul.

Come just now, come just now.

Will cleanse and make you whole.

Come just now.

If you will your own freedom.

Come just now, come just now.

Now may my life live partake.

Come just now.

Come just now.

Come just now.

Come just now.

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Come just now.

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Come just now.

## 2. Jesus the Divine.

BY M. ROSE, WARE, WINDHAM.

THE "Spanish Cavalier."

THE SAVIOR is divine, He is a friend of mine.

From guilt and misery, He died to save.

This world to me is done just alone my sin.

In the precious blood of my Redeemer.

Come to Jesus, mine, this Savior, divine.

He loves me and saves me from all sin.

I'm going to live with Him.

On high.

I'm going to reign with Jesus up in glory.

THE happy all the day upon this joy.

That leads to life and light and joy in my heart.

But sinners won't you come to that bright happy home.

For Jesus is preparing up in glory.

Now dear Jesus died, for you were crucified.

For you are saved, answered into glory.

To you He's speaking now, He says, "Come."

Let one bow.

Down at the cross where you'll find love and mercy.

Oh sinners come along and join this throng.

For we are on the way that leads to glory.

We mean to fight it through and to our God be true.

Then will we wear a crown with Him forever.

"That War Cry! What it did, where it went, how it faded!" An article full of illustration. It will come out next week.

Invest in a WAR CRY next week, it will pay you, it's a beauty!

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## 3. The Devil Up a Tree.

"Raided the devil and will flee from him."

THE "World turned upside down."

WHEN Adam lived in the garden, in the first Eden, God gave him all that he could wish and eat.

God gave him all that he could wish and eat.

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## 6. Live on your Knees.

BY H. H. H.

THE "Living on your knees."

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## THE WAR CRY.

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